

BEWARE!

FREE COMICS GROUP™



20¢ 7 MAR 1975

THE MONSTERS ARE COMING!

BEWARE!



**VENI
VIDI
SCANI**

the incredible
BUMBLEBEE-MAN!

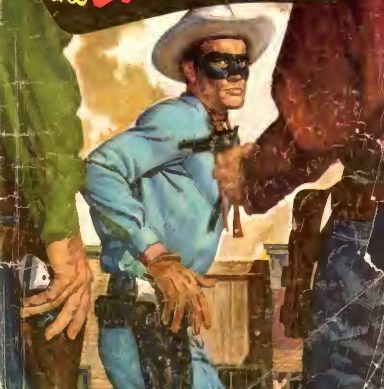
DELL

SEE: THE LONE RANGER, "UNMASKED"!

OCTOBER

10¢

the Lone Ranger



THE HAPPY CEREAL!



THE HAPPY SNACK!



the Lone Ranger

THE LONE RANGER UNMASKED

TAKE A GOOD
LOOK AT THIS---



NOW DO YOU KNOW YOUR
PLACES FOR THE
BANK JOB?

SURE,
"REMBRANDT!"
THAT SKETCH YOU
CREW MAKES IT
EASY!



THAT CLEANS THE PLACE!
---MAKE FOR THE
HORSES!



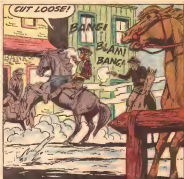
SOON AFTER---



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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS





OVER HERE, SHERIFF!
TONTO HAS FOUND
SOME TRACKS!

SHERIFF, THAT
MAN'S MASKED...

...DOESN'T MATTER! I KNOW
HIM AND I'LL VOUCH FOR
HIM!

QUICKLY, THE POSSE FALLS IN BEHIND
THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO, BUT A
MILE FURTHER ON...

IT'S NO USE,
SHERIFF...THEY'VE
COVERED THEIR
TRAIL TOO WELL
NOW!



BUT THAT CABIN MIGHT BE
WORTH CHECKING!...LET'S
GO, BIG FELLOW!



WHAT IN BLAZES? A
MA-MASKED
MAN...

...HE'S *NOT* AN OUTLAW,
MISTER! BUT I AM
LOOKING FOR SOME
BANK ROBBERS!



DIDN'T SEE ANYONE
PASS THIS WAY
TODAY, SHERIFF!

MIND IF WE HAVE
A LOOKSEE INSIDE?



GO AHEAD! IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SKETCH THAT HORSE! HE'S A FINE-LOOKING MOUNT!



SHORTLY AFTER...

SORRY TO HAVE TROUBLED YOU!

PERFECTLY ALL RIGHT! I'VE NOTHING TO HIDE FROM THE LAW!



"REMBRANDT" DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT MASKED MAN---

---YES! **THE LONE RANGER!** AND THE ONE THING I WANT MOST TO DO IN LIFE IS--- **UNMASK HIM!**



ANYWAY I **OUTWITTED** THAT MASKED MEDDLER! HE DIDN'T FIND THE LOOT! NOW PACK UP WE'RE **CHANGING** HIDE-OUTS!



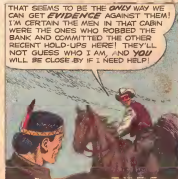
SOON AFTER---

THERE! MY CLOTHES ARE DIFFERENT, NO SILVER BULLETS IN MY GUNBELT AND YOU'VE STAINED SILVER SO HE CAN'T BE RECOGNIZED!

UGH! BUT TONTO NOT LIKE IDEA OF YOU **JOINING GANG!**



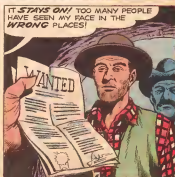
THAT SEEMS TO BE THE **ONLY** WAY WE CAN GET **EVIDENCE** AGAINST THEM! I'M CERTAIN THE MEN IN THAT CABIN WERE THE ONES WHO ROBBED THE BANK AND COMMITTED THE OTHER RECENT HOLD-UPS HERE! THEY'LL NOT GUESS WHO I AM, AND YOU WILL BE CLOSE BY IF I NEED HELP!



FINDING THE CABIN EMPTY, THE DISGUISED LONE RANGER PICKS UP THE GANG'S TRAIL, AS TONTO FOLLOWS WELL BEHIND AND OUT OF SIGHT, UNTIL SUDDENLY---



A FAST DRAW SHOULD SERVE AS AN APPROPRIATE INTRODUCTION INTO THE GANG!



I LIKE YOUR "CREDENTIALS" MISTER, AND I CAN USE A GOOD GUNFIGHTER!

THEN SET UP A JOB AND WATCH ME IN ACTION!



THE NEXT DAY---

---SHHH! I'M GOING TO GET A LOOK AT THIS MASKED HOMBRES FACE!

BRANT---



HEY!



YEOOW!

THE MASK STAYS PUT! SAVVY?

LET HIM UP! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!



HERE'S THE EXPRESS OFFICE WE'RE GOING TO HIT! TAKE A GOOD LOOK WHILE I GO OVER DETAILS!



SOOW---

I CAN'T SWIM SILVER ACROSS THE RIVER---HIS STAIN WILL WASH OFF!



WAIT, "REMBRANDT"! IF YOU'RE GOING TO BE FOLLOWED, THIS WATER'LL SLOW YOU UP! WHY NOT LET ME STAY ON *THIS SIDE* SO I CAN COVER YOUR RETREAT?

SMART IDEA! FIND A GOOD POSITION! WE'LL BE BACK---AND WITH THE *LOOT*!



SHORTLY AFTER---

NO ONE'S ON YOUR TRAIL---

---NO! EASY PICKINGS!



WE'RE IN *LUCK*! THIS *SHOWER* WILL COVER OUR TRACKS!



YES---BUT IT WILL ALSO WASH OFF SILVER'S COLORING!



LATER--- --- I *STAINED* THIS CRITTER BROWN A FEW DAYS AGO WHEN I *STOLE* HIM! HE CAN STAY WHITE NOW! HIS OWNER IS A GOOD *WAYS OFF*!



FUNNY---I FEEL I'VE *SEEN* THAT WHITE HORSE---YES! HE *MATCHES* THIS SKETCH *PERFECTLY*!



BUT THE LONE RANGER CARRIED
SILVER BULLETS---HIS ARE
ORDINARY ONES!



THOSE ARE FINE-LOOKING
COLTS! CAN I LOOK
AT ONE?



SURE!

TURNING HIS BACK TO THE MASKED
MAN, "REMBRANDT" SMITH QUICKLY
TAKES A BULLET FROM HIS GUN---



GRAB HIM!--WE'VE GOT
OURSELVES A REAL
PRIZE!



I GOT---OWW!

GO, SILVER!



WHERE'S HIS HORSE?

WHO CARES? WE'VE CAUGHT THE LONE RANGER!



AND NOW ONCE AND FOR ALL, WE'RE GOING TO UNMASK HIM!



NO---I DON'T RECOGNIZE HIM, BUT I'M GOING TO MAKE A SKETCH OF HIS FACE SO I CAN CHECK AROUND *AFTER* WE GET RID OF HIM!



MINUTES LATER---

THE SKETCH IS FINISHED! NOW WE CAN GUN HIM!



BUT SUDDENLY---

WHAT IN THUNDERATION---



COUGH! COUGH!

MY EYES!





the Lone Ranger

THE GHOST TOWN SHERIFF



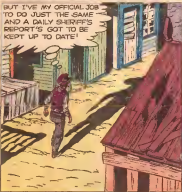
WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER
QUIET DAY IN THE
BOOKS!



RECKON MILE HIGH SAW
ITS LAST CHANCE FOR
ACTION NINE YEARS BACK
WHEN ITS NEXT TO LAST
CITIZEN PULLED UP
STAKES---



BUT I'VE MY OFFICIAL JOB
TO DO JUST THE SAME
AND A DAILY SHERIFF'S
REPORT'S GOT TO BE
KEPT UP TO DATE!



MEANWHILE, ON THE PLAINS BELOW---

NOW, TEX! FREEZE!





TEX, CUT THE TEAM
WHILE I COVER 'EM!



STAMPEDE THE OTHER
TWO SO THEY CAN'T USE
'EM TO TRAIL US!



THAT STAGE SURE
PROVIDED FOR US, DON!
TRANSPORTATION FROM
OUR BANK JOB AND
NOW MORE CASH
AND TWO HORSES!

HEAD FOR THE
MOUNTAINS!
THERE'S A
PERFECT HIDE-OUT
UP THERE--A GHOST
TOWN CALLED *MILE
HIGH!*



SOON AFTER---

SOMEONE RUN OFF STAGE'S
HORSES, KEMO SABAY!



THIS PROVES WE WERE RIGHT
IN BELIEVING DON DEXTER AND
HIS PARTNER BOARDED THE
STAGE AFTER THEY ROBBED
THE BANK!---LET'S SEE IF
WE CAN PICK UP THEIR
TRAIL!



A MASKED MAN---

---I'VE SEEN ENOUGH
OWLHOOTS FOR ONE
DAY!





WELL, I CAN MAKE
THIS TOWN DESERTED---

---EASE OFF
THE TRIGGER!



I DON'T KNOW WHO THE OLD GALLOOT IS,
BUT HE HASN'T SPOTTED US! IF A POSSE
TRAILS US HERE AND ASKS HIM IF WE
CAME THIS WAY, NATURALLY, HE'LL SAY
NO! THEN, INSTEAD OF
CHECKING AROUND---
THEY'LL RIDE OFF ON
HIS SAY SO!



BUT IF HE
SEES US---

---DUCK IN HERE! THIS SHAFT
IS BIG ENOUGH TO HIDE US
AND THE HORSES!



IF AND WHEN HE NOTICES US
---THAT'LL BE TIME ENOUGH
TO **DROP HIM!**



LATER--- RIDERS COME
HERE, KEMO
SABAY! TRAIL LEAD
ALL THE WAY UP!

THEY CERTAINLY
PICKED AN
EXCELLENT
HIDE-OUT!



REACH!



SAW YOUR MASK WHEN YOU STARTED UP THE SLOPE! NO OUTLAW IS COMING INTO MILE HIGH 'LONG AS I'M SHERIFF!

DON'T LET MY MASK MISLEAD YOU! TONTO AND I ARE **NOT** OUTLAWS! WE'VE BEEN TRAILING TWO MEN WHO ARE! THEY ROBBED A BANK AND THE STAGE!



NO ONE CAME UP HERE TODAY, SO FORGET YOUR TALL TALE! MAYBE I'M THE ONLY CITIZEN LEFT IN THIS ABANDONED GOLD TOWN, BUT I DULY ELECTED MYSELF SHERIFF AND I AIM TO FILL THE JOB!

THEN HELP US FIND THE MEN WE'RE FOLLOWING!



I SAID I HAD ENOUGH OF THAT YARN, MISTER! I KNOW WHAT A MASK MEANS! NOW GET DOWN SO I CAN DUMP YOU IN THE COOLER!



IF YOU **ONLY** ONE IN MILE HIGH, WHO THAT FELLER?



I'LL TAKE THIS!



MAYBE I'M NOT SO GOOD AT BEING SHERIFF---BUT I STILL FEEL DANG SURE THE LAW'LL COME OUT TOP HAND IN THE END!



KEMO SABAY HERE
OUTLAWS' TRAIL!
THEM WALK HORSES
THIS WAY!



TAKE YOUR
PISTOL,
SHERIFF!

WH-WHAT? HAVE
YOU GONE LOCO?



I'M HOPING THAT THESE TRACKS
WILL CONVINCE YOU THAT OUR
STORY *IS* TRUE AND THAT BY
RETURNING YOUR GUN, YOU'LL
REALIZE *WE* HAVE NOTHING
TO FEAR FROM THE LAW!



WELL, MAYBE THERE
IS SOMETHING TO
YOUR ACCOUNT!

GOOD! ONCE WE
LOCATE THOSE TWO
OUTLAWS, WE'LL NEED
YOUR HELP, SHERIFF!



DON---

---I RECOGNIZE THAT INDIAN---
TONTO! HE TRAVELS WITH A
MASKED MAN WHO'S PUT
MORE THAN ONE OF MY PALS
IN JAIL!



HE'S AN
EASY SHOT---

---**SAVE IT!** GUNFIRE WOULD
BRING THE MASKED MAN AND
THE OLD MAN DOWN ON US
AND THEY COULD **PIN US**
HERE! BUT THERE'S ONE WAY
WE CAN USE THE INDIAN!

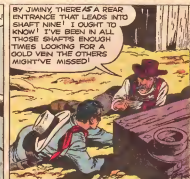


**PULL HIM
IN FAST!**



TONTO!







DON'T KNOW HOW
YOU GOT HERE---
BUT THIS IS WHERE
YOU STAY!



BANG!



OWW!!



THAT WAS ALL THE TIME
I NEEDED TONTO!



M-MY GUN!



SLOW DOWN, MISTER! YOU
AREN'T GOING ANYWHERE!



CRAACK!

KENO SABAY, ALL SHORINGS BREAKING!

GRAB HIS OTHER ARM!



RUMBLE!
RUMMMBLE!



WHOOON!

RECKON THAT SEALS THE SHAFT FOR KEEPS!---WELL, IT'S ABOUT TIME I ADMITTED TO MYSELF THERE'S NO PROSPECT OF GOLD WORTH STAYING HERE FOR!



YOU STAYED LONG ENOUGH TO **REALLY** ACT AS A **SHERIFF!** AND YOU HAVE MINED SOME "GOLD" FROM THE SHAFT--- THERE'S A GOOD REWARD FOR THESE TWO AND IT'S ALL YOURS!

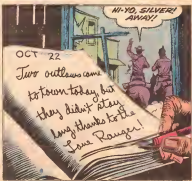
THANKS! I RECKON I KNOW WHO **YOU** ARE NOW!--- I'LL TAKE THEM IN AS SOON AS I WRITE UP MY FINAL REPORT!



HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!

OCT 22

Two outlaws came to town today but they didn't stay long thanks to the Lone Ranger!





Conscience

The furrows in Cal's brow deepened as he looked over his property, on sale. He had to have the money somehow, someway. Martha needed an operation. Only way to get it was to sell this bottomland. Cal kicked the turf in disgust.

The strip running along the river looked rich and fertile now. But for weeks every spring, when the nearby mountain snows melted, it lay waterlogged like a swamp. Even with the scrub growths cleared, the land would remain boggy. Seed planted in the spring would mostly rot. Crops would be miserably poor.

Yet he had to sell it for Martha's sake. Put it over on some trusting soul. Namely, Henry Trent. He was coming this afternoon to sign the final papers. A newcomer in these parts, Trent didn't know the fault of the land as local folks did. He had been eager to buy and the arrangements had been made with never a mention of the spring floods. Nor how the tract was almost worthless for farming.

Cal shrugged. No fault of his if Trent was a trusting fool, not bothering to check about the land. Besides, the money would just cover Martha's operation. . . .

Cal walked slowly back to the farmhouse, to await Henry Trent. Even Martha, lying pale and weak in bed, noticed the way he bit his lips.

"What's wrong, Cal? Something's bothering you. Can't you raise the money we need?"

"Everything's all right, Martha," soothed Cal, patting her hand and forcing a smile. "I'll have the money soon to fix you up, don't you worry." He closed the bedroom door. He

would tell her of the sale after it was over, not now.

A knock on the door announced Henry Trent. He was young and eager with a pleasant smile. Cal spread out the papers to be signed. The lamb to the slaughter, he thought. Trent had agreed without question to the high price. The young fool!

Cal cleared his throat nervously. "Wouldn't you like to look over the land once more before signing, Trent?"

"You haven't changed your mind?" asked Trent in some dismay. "I'm anxious to close the deal. The land is just what I want."

"But the price . . ." began Cal lamely.

Trent stared. "All right. Perhaps it should be more."

"More?" gasped Cal. He had meant to give Trent a chance to pull the price down. Cal looked at his innocent face, torn inside. He was like Cal in his youth, enthusiastic over establishing a home and farm. What if in those days someone had foisted off on him a worthless piece of land? How different his life would have been, with that bad start. Cal groaned inside.

Suddenly, he looked Trent square in the eye. "I—I can't do it, Trent. I didn't mention before that the land floods every spring. It wouldn't grow a decent crop of weeds, let alone grains. It would be a downright swindle to take your money. Before you go, it's your right to call me any names you want . . ."

Cal waited for the angry words. But amazingly, Henry Trent was smiling. "I have a confession, too," he confided. "I'm not a farmer at all but an herb merchant. You see, your swampy land happens to be full of ginseng, wildroot and other valuable herbs used in medicines. If anybody's getting the better bargain, I am. Please let me raise the price. My conscience was hurting me!"

After signing at the higher price, the men shook hands. "Trite old words," grinned Trent, "but true, eh?"

"Yes," nodded Cal, at peace within. "Honesty pays."

YOUNG HAWK

THE FIFTY SACHEMS OF THE
GRAND COUNCIL OF THE FIVE NATIONS!
WHY ARE THEY MEETING,
YOUNG HAWK?

WE SHALL
LEARN--- IN TIME,
LITTLE BUCK!

SOON AFTER THEIR ARRIVAL IN THE
ONONDAGA VILLAGE---CAPITOL OF THE
IROQUOIS LEAGUE, THE TWO MANDAN
YOUTHS WITNESS A NOTABLE EVENT!

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O CHIEFTAINS AND
BROTHERS OF THE LEAGUE!
WE ARE MET TO DECIDE
FOR PEACE OR WAR!

WITHIN THE LONG HOUSE NO ONE BUT THE
SACHEMS IS ADMITTED! THE PRESIDING
CHIEF OPENS THE COUNCIL.

THE MOHAWKS, OUR BROTHERS,
HAVE BEEN ATTACKED BY RAIDING
PARTIES OF THE MOHICANS! A MOHAWK
VILLAGE HAS BURNED! SHALL WE
UNITE TO PUNISH THOSE
ENEMIES OF THE LEAGUE?

YES! PUNISH THEM!
WITH WAR!

THE DECISION IS VOICED IN A GREAT
SHOUT BY ALL THE COUNCIL!

AND, A LITTLE LATER---AS THE WAR CHIEF FINDS HIS
YOUNG FRIENDS---

YOUNG HAWK AND LITTLE
BUCK, WE TAKE THE WAR
PATH AGAIN---AND YOU
ARE TO HAVE A VERY BIG
PART IN OUR VICTORY!

7
YOUNG HAWK, DID THE CHIEF,
WOLF SLAYER, TELL YOU HOW
FAR THE MOHAWKS LIVE?

SEVEN SLEEPS
TO THE EAST,
LITTLE BUCK!

THE FIGHTING WILL BE
NEAR THE GREAT RIVER,
THE CHIEF SAID!

BUT WHAT
"IMPORTANT" PART
WILL BE OURS,
YOUNG HAWK?

WITHIN A FEW HOURS THE ONONDAGA
WARRIORS ARE ON THE TRAIL.

THAT HE DID NOT SAY,
LITTLE BUCK! IT IS WELL
NOT TO ASK TOO MANY
QUESTIONS ON THE
WARPATH!

WE WAIT HERE!
THE MOHAWK WAR CHIEF
WILL MEET US ---

AFTER SIX DAYS JOURNEY, THE
MIGHTY HUDSON IS REACHED.

SEE, LITTLE BUCK! THE
MOHAWK IS HERE! WOLF
SLAYER GOES TO GREET
HIM!

THE CHIEFS ARE TALKING OVER THEIR
PLANS... NOW THEY HAVE ENDED! WOLF
SLAYER REJOINS US, LITTLE BUCK!

UMPH! I HOPE
HE TELLS US WHAT
IS ON HIS MIND!

YOUNG HAWK, BIG OTTER,
THE MOHAWK, BELIEVES THE
MOHICANS WILL COME UP THE
RIVER IN GREAT STRENGTH
--- IN CANOES!

LET
THE CHIEF
SPEAK ON!

OUR ALLIES HAVE A FEW CANOES
--- BUT NOT ENOUGH TO STRIKE
BACK ON THE WATER! SO YOU
MUST BUILD A DUGOUT SAILING
CANOE--- THE BIGGEST YOU
CAN!

IT MUST BE *FINISHED* IN NOT
LONGER THAN *FIVE SLEEPS*! BUT
YOU WILL HAVE THE HELP OF *ALL*
OF US! NOW, SELECT YOUR TREE!

THERE
IS THE
TREE!

A BRIEF SEARCH DISCOVERS A GIANT PINE, TOWERING ABOVE
ITS FELLOWS.

MANY FLINT-HEADED AXES MAKE GOOD PROGRESS
CUTTING THROUGH EVEN SUCH A HUGE TRUNK AS THIS...

BY AFTERNOON OF THE NEXT DAY THE GIANT LOG BEGINS
TO TAKE ROUGH SHAPE... THE WORK CONTINUES...

MAKE THE SIDES
ONLY THE THICKNESS
OF TWO FINGERS!



-EVEN BY NIGHT, UNDER THE LIGHT
OF PINE-KNOT TORCHES.

WOLF SLAYER, I HAVE BEEN
WONDERING WHAT TO DO FOR A
SAIL! THERE IS NOT TIME TO HUNT
ENOUGH DEER AND DRESS HIDES...

HOH! I HAVE
GOOD NEWS FOR
YOU, YOUNG HAWK!



I GAVE ORDERS FOR THESE
WOMEN TO FOLLOW US, WITH
TANNED HIDES ENOUGH FOR
THE LARGEST SAIL!

WAH! THEN OUR
SAIL CAN BE MADE
AT ONCE!



MAKE THE ROPES
AS THICK AS MY
THUMB!



OTHER WOMEN, UNDER YOUNG HAWK'S DIRECTION,
BRAID TOUGH, RAWHIDE CORDAGE TO RIG THE
SAIL WHEN IT IS MADE.

UGH! I
PUNCHED
THROUGH!



THE THIRD DAY, WITH THE HOLLOWING NEARLY DONE,
BAD LUCK STRIKES!

AND WHEN THE CHIEF LEARNS — — —
CLUMSY POOL, YOU HAVE
SPOILED ALL OUR WORK!

O CHIEF!
MY HATCHET
SLIPPED!





WAIT, WOLF SLAYER!
PERHAPS THE DAMAGE
IS NOT TOO BAD!

UGH! LOOK,
THEN, YOUNG
HAWK---



SEE, I THINK I
CAN REPAIR IT--
WITH A PLUG!



YES---I COULD SMOOTH
THE HOLE AND SHAPE A PLUG
BUT I HAVE ANOTHER
THOUGHT!



O GITCHEE MANITOU,
FATHER ABOVE, THANK
YOU FOR THIS
"MEDICINE"
THOUGHT!



BUT--- YOUNG HAWK---
ALL THE WATER WILL COME
IN THROUGH THAT LONG HOLE
AND SINK THE CANOE----!

NOT
WHEN I HAVE
FINISHED,
WOLF SLAYER!



WOLF SLAYER, I NEED TWICE TEN
SMOOTH PLANKS, THREE FINGERS THICK
AND LONGER THAN A MAN... ALSO MANY
PEGS OF DEAD, HARD WOOD TO PIN
THEM TOGETHER!

YOU
SHALL
HAVE THEM,
YOUNG HAWK!

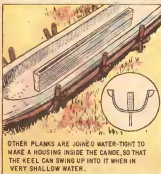
PUT IN ANOTHER
WEDGE---ALONG
THE CRACK!



LITTLE BUCK, TRAINED BY THE SEA PEOPLE
MANY MOONS AGO, DIRECTS THE SPLITTING
AND SMOOTHING OF THE PLANKS!



SOME OF THE PLANKS ARE PEGGED TOGETHER TO MAKE
A MOVABLE KEEL --- LIKE THE CENTER-BOARD OF
MODERN SMALL SAILING CRAFT --- AND FITTED TO THE
SLOT IN THE DUGOUT'S BOTTOM.



OTHER PLANKS ARE JOINED WATER-TIGHT TO
MAKE A HOUSING INSIDE THE CANOE, SO THAT
THE KEEL CAN SWING UP INTO IT WHEN IN
VERY SHALLOW WATER.

ON THE SIXTH DAY---AS THE GREAT CANOE IS LAUNCHED---



IT IS DONE,
WOLF SLAYER!

BY YOUR
"MEDICINE,"
YOUNG HAWK!

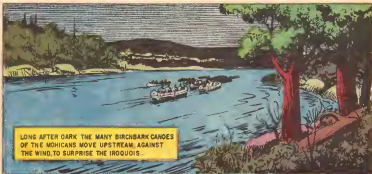
AND NOW, I HAVE MORE NEWS,
YOUNG HAWK! A SCOUT HAS BROUGHT
WORD--- THE MOHICANS WILL COME
UP-RIVER TONIGHT!



THE MOHICANS HAVE BEEN
PADDLING BY NIGHT AND HIDING
BY DAY---TO SURPRISE US!
BUT WE WILL STRIKE THEIR
CANOES---WITH THIS!

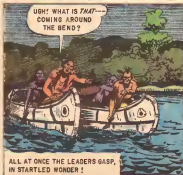
UGH!
TONIGHT?
THEN TELL YOUR
YOUNG MEN,
O CHIEF---

---TELL THEM TO BRING ME
MUCH ROTTEN WOOD--- THE
KIND WHICH GLOWS LIKE PALE FIRE
IN THE DARK! YOU WILL SEE
MORE STRONG MEDICINE!



LONG AFTER DARK THE MANY BIRCHBARK CANOES
OF THE MOHICANS MOVE UPSTREAM, AGAINST
THE WIND, TO SURPRISE THE IROQUOIS.

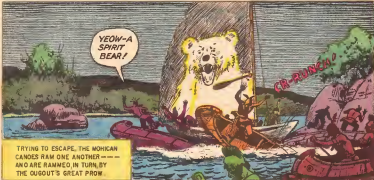
UGH! WHAT IS THAT---
COMING AROUND
THE BEND?



ALL AT ONCE THE LEADERS GASP,
IN STARTLED WONDER!



SEEMING TO FLOAT JUST ABOVE THE RIVER'S DARK
SURFACE, THE HEAD OF AN ENORMOUS BEAR APPEARS,
OUTLINED IN GLOWING PHOSPHORUS, ON YOUNG NAWK'S
SAIL. WIND-DRIVEN, IT COMES FAST!



YEOW-A
SPIRIT
BEAR!

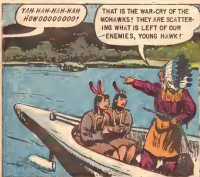
CR-RUNCH!

TRYING TO ESCAPE, THE MOHICAN
CANOES RAM ONE ANOTHER — — —
AND ARE RAMMED, IN TURN, BY
THE OUGOUT'S GREAT PROW.



YEE-HOOO-OOO-OOO-OOO!

WEIGHT AND SPEED CARRY THE SAILING VESSEL
THROUGH THE ENEMY FLOTILLA LIKE A GIANT FLOW!
AND IROQUOIS ARROWS FLY LIKE HAIL!



YAH-HAH-HAH-HAH
HOW OOOOOOOO!

THAT IS THE WAR-CRY OF THE
MOHAWKS! THEY ARE SCATTER-
ING WHAT IS LEFT OF OUR
— ENEMIES, YOUNG HAWK!



YOUNG HAWK, YOU AND
LITTLE BUCK HAVE BROUGHT
GREAT HONOR TO THE FIVE
NATIONS THIS NIGHT! FROM
NOW ON, YOU WILL BE
GREAT CHIEFS!

WE ARE
GLAD, WOLF
SLAYER! BUT
IT WAS PARTLY
YOUR IDEA!

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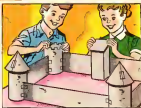


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